

A NOVEL MAINE BEAR TRAP

HONEY WAS THE BAIT AND A BULL
WAS TO DO THE REST.

It Was Arranged by Two Maine Hunters Who Had Been Robbed of Honey by a Curious Bear—The Honey Worked Well, but the Bull Failed to Play His Part.

CHICK'S CROSSING, Me., Aug. 22.—Between the close of the blueberry harvest and the time when the wild blackberries hang ripe among the fire-scarred clearings there are a few weeks of leisure, which the farmers devote to bee hunting. It is a season when the bees, having filled their cells with white clover honey from the second crop, take several days off and go to dis-

the fields to look up pastureage for the next year, as soon as the farmers know of this they are sure the comb is heavier and sweeter than it will be again, and proceed to rifle all the nests they can find. By a coincidence the bears, too, find themselves without an occupation at this time, so they frequently come in contact with the farmers strolling through the woods upon the same errand as themselves, and several shrewd old bears annually lay down their lives in an indiscreet effort to get at the honey stubs ahead of their human competitors.

Two bears have died in Hancock county this year because they loved honey not wisely but

well; and Bill Remick and Con Archer, two beekeeper hunters of note, believed they had made plans to kill the third one, though subsequent events did not confirm their too sanguine opinion. The hunters were out for bees in full force through the foggy weather that prevailed early in August. They used all the approved methods of luring the bees to their nests, and hunted faithfully, but did not get more than fifty pounds of marketable honey in four days. They were very hungry, and, acting from pure necessity, they went to the honey stores in the big beekeeping stores on Thursday night. Bill remembered a geometrical figure in the mud and proved that the last ten bees he had lined and pilfered to the same tree, a crooked one

On the side of the Whale's back, which was two miles away. Con, who did not understand Euclid very well, was for waiting until morning and making the attack by daylight. But Hill reasoned him out of this notion. They pulled the tree soon after sundown. It was nearly as big and fully as long to look at as the tree on the shore. It was a good way off from the ground was a knothole surrounded by a fringe of bees that had come there to enjoy the evening.

After the men had kindled a roasting fire of the knots and resinous woghs the tree was felled, and while the exasperated bees were settling into the blaze and dying by thousands the men took their supper and lay down. They would have gone and went home, leaving the fallen tree, which still held a hundred weight or more of good honey, to lie out in the woods, with no protection but the owls and foxes. The men made a costly mistake. They knew it as they returned next morning and examined

the trees. A bear had entered the cavity, and, in addition to eating a good lot of honey, had broken up and mixed the remaining comb with bits of rotten wood. So the hole would have to be strained through it was told. While Bill was waiting for the things to melt, the other boys looked about the place for tracks. There were plenty of queer-looking prints in the moss and fresh, most of which looked as if they had been made by some kind of small animal, like a marmot or chipmunk. Alongside of these were indications of some kind of foot that seemed to be shod with a cleat board and right among them all were the tracks of a man. The boys were sure that the animal of this character had never come under their observation before the hunters sent off.

With Jack, said they laid a deep trap to catch the wild, nervous, traps, deafless, spring gun, and such device, and they had a great many years, were useless in this case. To get rid of them they discarded the natural and try something else. They had a great many years, were useless in this case. To get rid of them they discarded the natural and try something else. They had a great many years, were useless in this case. To get rid of them they discarded the natural and try something else.

And they were sure the bull would attend to whatever might follow. A section of the beam was cut out and the hunters were ready to be hauled to the up-hill side of the yard. Then, while Archer beguiled the bull with a red undergarment, the other two hunters slipped a rope and Jack made the trap. Lifting the sprung wires they thrust one end of the log into the yard and left it poised so that a few pounds weight would cause it to fall. Then the hunters stepped and fell in with the bull. Great clads of camp were then scattered over the hills in lines and the hunters would wait for the bull to come. Three hunters were always on catch in the beam.

Though two days and three beautiful nights passed, the bull still pawed in his yard for new food. Then, on the fourth day, the hunters came among the hills. Jack was sure she was near her, because he had noticed that the outer end of

To his mind the bear was as good as caught already. Once inside the yard she could not escape. And that was not the worst. The worst was that she was closing in rapidly. To him the bear was as good as caught already. Once inside the yard she could not escape. And that was not the worst. The worst was that she was closing in rapidly. To him the bear was as good as caught already. Once inside the yard she could not escape. And that was not the worst. The worst was that she was closing in rapidly.

"Dead bull is it, eh?" laughed Archer, assured that the boy had seen the remains of a dead bull. "You're a good one live and 'other dead—ain't you, sonny?"

The boy was not only certain about it, but he offered to bet two cents and a fish hook that he could find the bones of the dead bull. He was a hunter that they quickened their walk to a trot. Three minutes later they learned that the bones were not part of a bull's head. The trail led to a broken rib, a piece of a broken neck, from disemboweling, and from a variety of other mortal injuries such as only a railroad wreck could produce. The bones were a mass of uprooted sods and splintered rails, but showed that he had died fighting, while on the wire and fence stakes was blood enough to show that he had been killed in a fight. A rat, showed that the bear had gone in

through the flow-log, as the men had planned for her to do when the log had stopped, according to the pre-arranged schedule. In fact, the whole programme had been carried out as well as anybody could desire until Ida had been spotted.

Just how the bull happened to die and just why Ida escaped nobody can tell. Two or three of the men of the camp had been taking a short walk to the north, and had happened to see Ida in the brush, where she was not to go away. As the men were not to go away, they were not to see any of the deer in the green area, like the track of a boy who is walking on stilts, are they? It is not to be known. It is not to be known that this is conjecture; and somewhere in the woods, a long way beyond conjecture, is Ida, digesting her dinner of bull beef and honey.

MAKING WOODEN CANNERS

The Cuhans build a Gun that is Good for a Hundred Shots.

From the Chicago Record.

The Cuhans, who are fighting Spain to gain independence, are obliged to use all sorts of things for weapons.

Shells and gun powder are brought to them from the United States in little ships, which sail from Florida. Sometimes large vessels are sent to them, but, if possible, if they can manage the Spanish war ships, bring large quantities of arms and ammunition to the Cuhans.

But the revolutionists are in great need of food. They have no fields, and they are obliged to buy some out of trees. In the interior of Cuba grows a tree which has a winding grain. The grain of this wood go round instead of straight like ours.

It is made into bullets.

The wood of this tree is very tough and it is almost impossible to split it by ordinary means. When the bark is removed, the wood is covered with one of these peculiar fibers, saw off a five-foot length, about one foot thick, and remove the bark. Then they burn out the bore with red-hot iron rods, and the bark is then burned off. The bark increases the toughness of the wood.

While some of the soldiers are burning out the bore, others cut green outside into a long strip about one foot wide and one inch thick. The spirals toward the outer edge, just as an apple is peeled. One end of the rawhide strip, which is about five feet long, is fastened to the edge of the breach of the wooden cannon and a lever is attached to the other end.

Two or three stout men then grasp the arms of the lever and pull on the wooden rod. The strips of green hide are split under a strain, and

In this way the cannon is wrapped in one of the toughest materials in the world. The first layer of rudo is wound to the muzzle of the gun and then back to the breech, and soon, back and forth, until a number of layers of rawhide are wound on.

The gun, with its rawhide wrapping, is placed in a draught of dry hot air and allowed to be hardened. When this process is complete the Cubans have a cannon which can be fired 100 times before it is useless. The wooden cannon shows a scarred iron, round stones, and fire-hardened clay balls.